16

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD WARKWORTH,

On his Return from his TRAVELS,

TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1763.

A

LYRICAL EPISTLE.

By JOHN LOCKMAN.

Preſented to his LORDSHIP at Northumberland-Houſe.

Jacet omnis virtus, fama niſi latè patet.

PUBL. SIRI MIMI SENTENTIÆ.

Hic dies verè mihi feſtus, atras
Eximet curas. - - - - - - -

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas.

HORAT.

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A

LYRICAL EPISTLE.

I.

WARKWORTH! whoſe name my Muſe inſpir'd,
When WESTMINSTER made thee its choice:
My breaſt with patriot tranſports fir'd,
While loud I join'd the gen'ral voice:
Welcome to our triumphant iſle,
O'er which, though ſuns oft clouded riſe,
Yet, bleſt with LIBERTY's ſweet ſmile,
As bright a ſun-ſhine This ſupplies.

II.

Old *Thames*, as he by *Eton* flow'd,
Joyous, thy letter'd toils ſurvey'd:
A kind glance, *Cam* on thee beſtow'd,
When in his academic ſhade,
Politeneſs, and the ſocial Arts,
Were in thy natal Manſion taught;
The ſecret to engage all hearts,
With VIRTUE's pureſt maxims fraught.

III.

What numbers of our noble youth,
Though from ſagacious Tutors freed,
Heed not th' inſtructive Voice of Truth,
But lives of diſſipation lead!
Thee, Nature; Thee, Parental Care,
For Acts of high Renown deſign'd:
Bid Thee for ſhining ſcenes prepare,
And lodg'd a MENTOR in thy Mind.

IV. When

IV.

When, on the *Alps*, thy ſteps were led,
He pointed to the wonders round:
Taught thee, with caution, *Rome* to tread,
Where charm Antiques, where *Frauds* abound:
FRAUDS, maſk'd with bright RELIGION's name,
Which ſacrilegious Rage inſpire:
And, while they heav'n-born *Peace* proclaim,
Ruſh on the world with ſword and fire.

V.

By MENTOR urg'd, thou didſt with joy
To *Herculaneum* deſcend:
There ſee how Time will WORKS deſtroy,
Which only with himſelf ſhould end.
That thou might'ſt Power tyrannic hate,
He, to *Byzantium*, ſhap'd thy way;
To ſhew how direful is the ſtate
Of men, beneath a *Sultan*'s ſway.

VI.

Thy valiant SIRES, train'd up to arms,
Inceſſant on the *Borders* fought;
Or ſpread, through *Gallia*, dread alarms,
Where they immortal laurels ſought:
And Thou, whom martial fields delight,
(The PERCYS glowing in thy veins)
Did'ſt with congenial ſpirit fight
For *Freedom*, on *Germania*'s plains.

VII.

For FREEDOM, and the beſt of KINGS,
To whom her ſacred rites are dear:
When, from ſuch motives, valour ſprings,
All muſt th' heroic flame revere.
Not ſo, when thirſt of blood excites;
There GLORY darts not round her rays:
Nor when a ſcepter'd plund'rer fights:
Elſe, to fierce tygers, trophies raiſe.

VIII. Now

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Now gracious *Providence* adore,
Who ſhielded thee by ſea and land:
Who, when the *Plague** infeſted ſore,
Thence ſnatch'd thee with a pow'rful hand:
That thou, untainted by its breath,
Again might'ſt bleſs thy PARENTS' eyes:
That from thee, thus eſcaping death,
PERCYS (an endleſs line!) may riſe.

IX.

Thy duty to our SOVEREIGN paid,
Honour'd and cheriſh'd, thou'lt retire,
To *Alnwick*'s hills, or *Sion*'s ſhade:
Thoſe ſcenes will lofty thoughts inſpire.
Delighted, thou'lt in memory trace
Thy courſe, auſpiciouſly begun:
Reflect, with rapture, on the race
Of GLORY, deſtin'd thee to run.

X.

A PILE now Fancy, rear'd to FAME;——
Worthy of MAINFRED † let it ſtand;
Brave founder of the PERCY name,
When *Norman William* ſhook our land!
How great thy predeceſſors were,
Think their well-pictur'd deeds pourtray;
DEEDS, from that CONQUEROR's landing here,
To thy lov'd FATHER's glorious day.

XI.

Then may thy mental eye behold
Thy *Garter'd* ANCESTORS ariſe;
Some at the helm in times of old;
Fav'rites of *Albion*, faithful, wiſe.
Some heading our far-dreaded arms,
While rival foes before them fly:
Some filling Ocean with alarms,
And Victors beneath ev'ry ſky.

* His Lordſhip narrowly eſcaped the Plague at Conſtantinople.
† MAINFRED DE PERCY came into England with the Conqueror.

XII. In

XII.

In War how bright the PERCYS ſhone,
Our Hiſtories paint, our Records ſhow.
What battles fought! what ſieges won!
What triumphs o'er the proſtrate foe!
Their proweſs ever will adorn
Third EDWARD's, and Fifth HENRY's reign.
Thoſe muſt be fearleſs heroes born,
Whoſe blood deſcends from CHARLEMAIN ‡.

XIII.

The deathleſs actions of thy SIRES,
Thus imag'd to thy inward ſight,
Muſt, in thy ſoul, light patriot fires,
And raiſe ineffable delight.
O WARKWORTH! 'twill be then thy care,
In their illuſtrious ſteps to tread:
And, as becomes the PERCYS Heir,
Still wider their renown to ſpread.

XIV.

Now, in the SENATE, take thy ſeat,
Great School for our PATRICIAN Youth:
There may thy Heart for BRITAIN beat!
Thy Lips breathe irreſiſtleſs Truth!
Wealth, Power, to whomſoever given,
To Godlike Acts ſhould prompt the Mind:
Thoſe ſecond the high views of Heaven,
Whoſe paſſion is, TO SERVE MANKIND.

‡ JOSCELINE DE LOUVAIN, a deſcendant of the Emperor CHARLEMAIN, (Charlemagne) Brother to ADELIZA, Conſort to our HENRY I. married AGNES DE PERCY, whoſe Family was of as ancient and high Deſcent as any in the Kingdom. See COLLINS's Peerage of England.

Woodford, Eſſex.

FINIS.